LITERARY NUMBER.

The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME III.—NO. XXIII.

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MARCH 12, 1892.

GRAPHIC PRINT, NEWTON, MASS.

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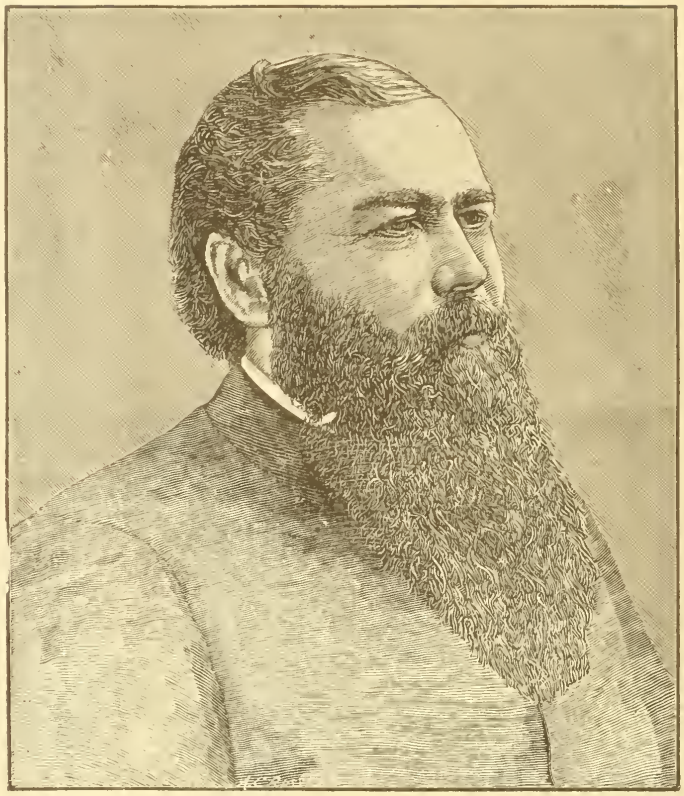

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VOL. III. NEWTON, MASS., MARCH 12, 1892. No. 23

The Wellesley Prelude.

Edited by the Students of Wellesley College and published weekly during the college year. Price $2.00 a year. Weekly copies 5 cents. Monthly copies 15 cents.

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Advertisements should be addressed to Mr. Fred W. Walker, 74 Tremont street, Room 21, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Matter at Post Office, Newton, Mass.

EDITORIALS.

A great deal is said about the element of hurry, and the consequent nervous strain, which enters into the college life of our girl-student. That this element exists is only too evident to an observer. We see students rushing from one recitation to another, neglecting their meals for study, forgetting their exercises over their books, and we hear from all sides the constant cry, "No time." From morning till night the student lives in a whirl of rush and excitement, and the days seem all too short for the work which must be accomplished. To this element of haste are due many of the ills which befall the student. Its necessary outcome is a severe strain upon both health and mental powers, and work accomplished under such conditions cannot be satisfactory.

It is said that this atmosphere of excitement is the inevitable result of the conditions of life in a girls' college. Furthermore, that it springs from the peculiarly excitable nature of the feminine temperament. This may be true, of course. The feminine temperament has always been held responsible for a multitude of peculiarities.

But must hurry and excitement and nervous strain be the inevitable result of our college life? Can it be eliminated only by a complete metamorphosis of our feminine nature? Shall we be free from it only after we have learned to look at life and work from an exalted atmosphere of ideal repose and restfulness?

It is more than possible that much, attributed to our feminine nature, should be attributed to school-girlishness. Much of the bewailed hurry is only the result of unscholarly methods of work, lack of application, etc. When we leave our preparatory schools and come to college, we are supposed to be prepared in the science of studying as well as in Latin and Greek. But, alas, this is too often not the case. Many of us become college students, who would pass a very poor examination in studying should it be required of us, and it is to this that much of the hurrying and nervous strain must be charged. Dawdling in a half-hearted manner over a lesson will never prepare it. Close mental application to work is the mark of the student, and the only way in which one may save time. If we work when we work, faithfully, zealously, with all our might, and play with equal vim when we play, we will find that time is our servant, not our master, and we shall hear less talk about the "nervous strain, hurry and excitement, inevitable in the life of college girls."

EMILY DICKINSON.

A year or so ago, a little volume of poems brought to the knowledge of the literary world the first collected expression of the genius of Emily Dickinson.

Startled, both by the originality of the thought, and the wholly unconventional style in which it was clothed, its readers were further interested and attracted by the air of mystery which seemed to surround the life of its recluse author.

Much have her readers demanded to know concerning the outward life and inner history of this woman, whose work did not come into the possession of the world, until she herself was beyond the reach of all curious question ing

Very simple are the facts of her outward life. Born in Amherst, Massachusetts, Dec. 10th, 1830, her quiet childhood was passed in that beautiful town, where the lovely nature-pictures about her, in that setting of the Holyoke hills, evidently had great influence over her. "Hills and the sundown and a dog," she says, were her companions. Her preference for them rather than for human beings, "because they know, but do not tell," marks the peculiar temperament which early chose solitude rather than companionship.

Her education was the excellent one that one would expect to be the possession of the daughter of a lawyer and prominent man, in the college circles of Amherst. It was the same which her playmate and companion, Helen Hunt Jackson, received. In that atmosphere of culture and refinement, her intelligence was fully developed, and an air of good breeding was the natural result. But always, her friends tell us, there was about her, as she grew into womanhood, an indefinable air of peculiarity, an impression of an illusive personality, which few could penetrate or thoroughly understand.

In appearance she was slight, with tiny hands, auburn hair, a plain face and eyes which she fancifully described to her friend, Mr. Higginson, as "like the sherry in the glass that the guest leaves." In manner, she was shy and timid with strangers, with no appearance of the hidden genius, which lay beneath the surface. There was about her a seeming lack of aggressive force, which affected both her life and work.

When about twenty years of age, the change came which has so awakened the curiosity of the world. Not abruptly, but gradually, she drew away from all outer life, until at last the bounds of her father's garden were the circumference of her visible world. Her lines beginning, "The soul selects her own society" may perhaps express her feeling. The reasons for this change are not definitely known. Many surmises have been made, among which disappointment in love, invalidism, and a general disgust with the world, are often mentioned. Perhaps the real reason may be one that sometimes has influenced similar temperaments, though not always to the extent that it moulded hers. She may have known her own genius, but lacking the power of employing it in social life with effect, and seeing other women with less intellect than herself perhaps filling places in society that she could not fill, she was driven back, with her sensitive, introspective temper, from the world of action, into the world of thought. She found there the grateful companionship of nature, friends, and of her books, who gave to her always what she asked.

From this time her life varied little. It was limited to Amherst with a few exceptions. She writes,

"I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea:
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be."

Her contact with the outer world however, was not entirely gone. Her correspondence, of which that with Mr. Thomas Higginson was but a part, was continued throughout her life. Often, perhaps with a yearning for fuller ex-

istence, she wrote to those whom she did not personally know, from whom she seemed to gain inspiration. In spite of her isolation, friendship seems to have meant much to her. The thought of death at all times influenced her strongly, but on the death of her friends she dwells with haunting pathos. Of her many poems which deal with this theme, the lines beginning, "If anybody's friend be dead," are very piercing and searching in their touch.

"Their costume, of a Sunday,
Some manner of the hair,—
A prank nobody knew but them,
Lost, in the sepulchre."

The very agonizing essence of her sense of loss seems to be in these lines.

Miss Dickinson was not unmindful by any means of the people in the town around her, although their lives seemed so little to touch hers. One unexpected side of the nature of this strange woman, was found in her home, where she lived in the daily acts of household duties, an intensely practical life. The labors of her own hands, in some dainty for the sick, or a gift for the well, sometimes of the time-honored New England pie, testified to her interest in those about her. Beautiful notes of sympathy to those in sorrow went out from her hand. Thus the life that she chose was not a totally self-absorbed one, although in many ways so set apart from ordinary social interests.

Her companionship with Nature leaves its trace, in some form, on almost all that she has written. Her words, inspired by fellowship with the bee, the butterfly, the grass, the flowers, and by life touched with the sunset's glories, and the morning's freshness, come to us with a message from Nature's heart. Such things as "The murmur of the bee," "The red upon the hill," "The breaking of the day," we feel are the joy of her days, and fill her with their charm.

Her "kinsmen on the shelf," as she calls them,—the books that she loved, play their part in her daily living. Keats, the Brownings, Ruskin, Sir Thomas Browne, and the Book of Revelation, were her favorites. Later she included Shakespeare in her list.

There seems to have been a number of years of this solitude, if such it may be called, before in 1862, she opened the door of her world a little way, and sent to Mr. Higginson, who was then only known to her by reputation, a letter direct and even abrupt in its wording, and enclosing two of her poems. One of these was the fragment, dainty in its lightness of touch, beginning:—

"The nearest dream recedes unrealized;
The Heaven we chase,
Like the June bee,
Before the school boy,
Invites the race:
Stoops to an easy clover,
Dips, evades, teases, deploys:
Then to the royal clouds
Lifts his light pinnace
Heedless of the boy
Staring, bewildered at the mocking sky."

The name of the author was discovered, written modestly in pencil on a little card, hidden in the envelope. From that time, through many years, letters, almost as strange and unusual in their style, as the poems which often accompanied them, came at varying intervals of time to Mr. Higginson. These poems however, with many others, were never collected and arranged for publication, until some years after Miss Dickinson's death, which occurred in 1886.

Her reason for writing, she expressed to Mr. Higginson in her own quaint style, when she said, "And when a sudden light on orchards, or a new fashion in the wind troubled my attention, I felt a palsy, here, the verses just relieve." Again she says, "I sing, because I am afraid." Evidently her verse is only the natural expression of her inner self.

With this little dedication, the one evidence in her writing that the thought of publication

had ever come to her mind, the first little book came to our sight from the hands of this invisible one.

"This is my letter to the world,
That never wrote to me,—
The simple news that Nature told,
With tender majesty.

Her message is committed
To hands I cannot see:
For love of her, sweet countrymen,
Judge tenderly of me!"

The themes of which Miss Dickinson treats are the great and absorbing ones of "Life," "Love," "Nature," and "Death." The first impression her poems make are of their utter unlikeness in form, often also in thought, to anything we have seen before. Her form is generally defiant of almost all laws of poetic style.

We find occasionally a strain of lyric beauty. Again, breaking away from all restraint, the style becomes a collection of uneven fragments. She could often have had a beauty of rhyme and rhythm, had she been willing to change even a word, or to alter very slightly the expression of an idea. Apparently in the order that her thoughts came to her mind, in that order do they stand. Her thought was the chief thing to her; but that thought has a strange and fascinating charm.

As representative poems of the themes with which her verse is connected, perhaps these may be chosen. Of Life,

"I taste a liquor never brewed."

Of Love, "Renunciation;" of Nature, "The Robin," "The Snake." Of Death, "Saved."

But it is almost impossible to separate distinctive poems as exponents of Miss Dickinson's style and thought. They are revealed in wonderful little flashes of insight, set in strange phrasing, and in bits of unique description, scattered all through her writings. Often she compresses her thought in scant words, as if only a brief time were hers. It seems strange that a woman, living in the quiet and calm that surrounded her life, should write with this breathless fervor. Sometimes this gives one the sense of rapid dramatic action, as in the poem beginning:

"Glee! the great storm is over!
Four have recovered the land:
Forty gone down together
Into the boiling sand."

Her fancy is varied in its working: sometimes dainty, sweet and graceful; sometimes weird and grotesque. But she possesses more than fancy; she has often the real, imaginative element, that penetration which does not pause until it reaches the heart of its thought, and in the same direct way, reaches and touches our inner thoughts, until we quiver with the touch.

Her use of epigrammatic sentences, striking combinations of words, and sometimes single words, abides in the memory. As examples:

"Till seraphs swing their snowy hats."
"I'd wind the months in balls."
"In seamless company."

and so on endlessly. As an example of her epigram:—

"Power is only pain,
Stranded through discipline."

She lived in familiarity with death. At times, she almost startles us by her daring handling of eternity, and the transition to it. It seemed one of the results of her isolated life, that the invisible world was more real to her, than the world outside her father's garden, of which she understood so little.

In attempting to estimate the value of her work, it seems necessary to keep in mind the purpose with which she wrote. Her wish seems only to have been to say with her pen what came to her thoughts in regard to what she saw about her, and felt within her. It has certainly the worth of all work which comes from sincerity and earnestness of spirit, linked with the vision of that which is true and beautiful. The abiding quality and permanence of this work, time alone can test. We believe

that in all literature only when regard has been paid to excellence of form, have the thoughts of men been truly lasting. We therefore may doubt if some of these poems, beautiful though they are in thought, can, in their often ill-adjusted dress, stand the test of years. But accepting all the elements of beauty and strength we find in it, we leave Emily Dickinson's work with the words in which she seemed to have expressed almost this same question;

"Whether my bark went down at sea,
Whether she met with gales,
Whether to isles enchanted
She bent her docile sails;

By what mystic mooring
She is held to-day,—
This is the errand of the eye
Out upon the bay."

Grace Eldridge Mix.

SONG.

Sweet, with the crane that flutters forth
To the warm South through wind and rain
There flies a dream of the white North
To lure him back again,
Love, back again.

II.

And with me o'er the windy sea,
Thro' sunny foam or driven rain
There flies a white-winged thought of thee
To lure me back again,
Love, back again.

A novel scheme for settling difficulties between the faculty and students is in practice at Northwestern University. All questions are submitted to a committee of ten students and five members of the faculty, whose decision is final.—*Ex.*

By the will of a California lady, Bowdoin college receives $400,000 to be used at its discretion. Including the Fayerweather bequest this brings the total endowment up to $1,000,000 for the past year.—*Cornell Era.*

THE STORY OF A PRINCESS.

Upon the very tip-top of a lofty cliff stood the castle, massive and grey and old. So old, in fact, that the king and the queen and the rest of the people who lived there had forgotten that it had ever had a beginning. They had forgotten, too, that they had ever had beginnings. They had all grown old and grey together, so that now it seemed the most natural thing in the world.

Of course, they knew, away down in the bottoms of their hearts, that they had been young and that the castle had been new, and that things had been different once; but it was so far to the bottoms of their hearts — such cold, dried-up hearts, too — that it is no wonder they seldom thought about it. The old queen still wandered about the house, scolding the old house-maids because they would have dust in the corners. All these years and all the scolding had not yet taught the house-maids how to sweep the corners. The old king still sat at the head of the table and ate the delicious soups and roasts and pastries that the old cook made just as she had ever since the king and queen set up housekeeping together.

The only difference was that the king, as he grew older, began to lose his appetite, and would say to the queen quite often — about once a week, I should think — "My dear, have you changed cooks lately? This roast is not well seasoned, not at all well seasoned, my dear."

And the queen would sigh and say, "Mathilde will never learn my way of seasoning. I shall speak to her again about it."

As for changing cooks,— or changing anybody or anything — that was quite impossible. No one ever came up the steep cliff to the castle, and no one ever went down from it to the valley and the wide world below: except, of course, the steward, who made a great foraging expedition once a year and came home laden

with enough good things to eat and wear for another year. But the steward was the most silent man in the whole castle — and that is saying a great deal. He never opened his lips to tell of the wonderful things he had seen on his journeyings.

This state of affairs could not last forever. One day a cloud, a great black cloud, floated in at the queen's window, and when it disappeared it left behind it the dearest little baby you ever saw. She must have been the golden lining to the cloud, for there never was a brighter, cheerier, sunnier little creature in the wide world. Her hair shone like spun gold, and it was as fine and soft as the threads of a spider's web: but it did not break and go into nothing as a spider's web does when the wind blows it: it waved about her little head like a shimmering golden glory, and sparkled even in the darkest places.

But you forgot that her hair sparkled when you looked at her eyes. They were of the goldenest, gleamingest brown. To look into them was like looking down into the depths of a pool when the sun is shining upon it, and when she laughed they twinkled for all the world like stars. Her cheeks made one think of two soft, pink rose-leaves; and her mouth— but I cannot tell you anything about her mouth, whether it was little or big, corners turned up or down. I only know that when it wasn't smiling it was laughing, and when it wasn't laughing it was chattering, and often it would laugh and chatter at the same time, so one could hardly tell what it was all about. However, that mattered little, for then the people about her would laugh too, which is the proper thing for people to do.

But I am going too fast, altogether, for it was many weeks before the little princess began to laugh and to chatter. She would only crow and make happy gurgling sounds and put her tiny pink thumb into the crumpled rose-leaf of a mouth, and do her very best to tell the gladness that was in her.

She was taken care of by an old, old woman who had long ago been nurse to the king, and who had lost all the sweet temper she had to begin with, because there had been nothing to expend it upon for so many years. The one thing that makes people most cross is to have nothing to do. There were many servants in the castle, and they were all well-trained, so each one knew her own duty and never thought of doing anyone else's. Of course, when the king grew up and when there was no chick or child anywhere to be taken care of, the nurse had no duty at all, and had to sit and hold her hands all day, and day after day, and year after year. Do you wonder that she grew sour?

When the cloud brought the new baby, old Clotilda was called at once to take her natural place, which, to tell the truth, seemed very unnatural to her. But the shining little princess did not mind. She laughed up into the old nurse's face until the crossness began to be ashamed of itself, and finally crept away altogether.

The first thing that disturbed the minds of the king and queen was the difficulty of finding a name for the princess. A new baby must have a new name; so the castle was called together in solemn council, and the king made a long speech, in which he told every man and woman of them to think of all the beautiful names that had ever been heard. That was a remarkable thing! Why, they had not thought for years. They had almost forgotten how to do it, but when they once began there was no stopping them. From the queen's chief maid-of-honor to the scullery boy in the kitchen (though he was as old as the king, he was still called "the boy") there was racking of brains.

Some of them remembered their children who had, long ago, gone down the cliff into the world and had never been heard of since. The scullery boy thought of the milkmaid he

had loved, years and years before, whose name was Martha. He proposed Martha to the king, but His Royal Highness would not listen to it. "Martha! A name fit for a milkmaid!" quoth he, which was certainly true, for had not the sweetest, rosiest little milkmaid in the land had it for her own?

At last, after much deliberation, Swanhild was selected as a suitable name for the little princess, and it was given to her with due solemnity at a grand christening. All the household came to see the old chaplain perform the ceremony.

The family chaplain was at least twenty years older than anyone else in the castle, and his white beard was like a fall of silver water with the foam on it. When the shimmering golden waves of the little princess' hair mingled with the flowing beard, one after another turned to his neighbor, and said, "Look, it is as if the sun were shining on a waterfall." And each one felt his cold, dry heart beat with joy that the beautiful princess was come among them to make them happy.

By the time little Swanhild was four years old, the castle was so changed that one would hardly have known it. To be sure, it was up on a high cliff, just the same, and the world was as far away and as unthought of as ever, but within all was different. The king had entirely recovered his appetite. Indeed, he had become quite fat, but that was because he laughed so much. The queen never scolded the housemaids, for the simple reason that she was too happy to scold. It is only unhappy people who ever are cross. If your governess or your nurse scolds you, just see if you cannot make her very happy, and I promi e you she will stop being cross right away and give you a kiss instead of a cuff.

Yes, the queen was too happy to scold, but, besides that, there was nothing to scold about. The corners were always as clean as the middle of the floor. And what made this great change in the castle? What could it be but little Swanhild?

When the king sat down to his lordly table, there was his tiny daughter, perched in a golden high chair by his side, and she prattled and laughed from the time the soup came in until the coffee went out. She had a porringer made of topaz, full of delicious bread and milk for her dinner, which was much more wholesome — even for a princess — than soup or coffee.

There was not a spot in the castle that Swanhild did not visit, and there was not a soul in the castle who was not glad to see her when she came. It was she who made the dark corners so bright with the gleam of her hair that the dust almost flew away of itself, and it was she who tripped about the busy servants and sang them funny little songs until they forgot that they were working, and thought it all was a lovely play.

One day, about six years after the great black cloud had left its beautiful message with the king and queen, it happened that Heinrich, the steward, was ready to start upon his annual foraging expedition to the valley. His sturdy mountain pony stood at the massive castle gateway, and Heinrich was taking a last message from the chamberlain, when little Swanhild suddenly appeared beside him.

"I am going, too," said she.

"But, Your Royal Highness," began Heinrich, "what will your queen-mother say! Will she permit it?"

"My queen-mamma will let me go if I like," said the little maiden, with determination worthy of a princess. "Lift me up, please, Heinrich."

There was no refusing the princess. Heinrich placed her before him on the pony's back, and they started off.

The chamberlain reported the matter to the queen. The queen told the king and the king said: "Swanhild is safe: nothing could harm

her, but," and he sighed, "it is lonely without her."

The day seemed very long, and the next day and the next, and when, late in the afternoon of the fourth day, a distant black speck was seen down upon the steep road leading to the castle, the whole household was quite wild with joy.

The speck came nearer and nearer, until the porter, who was standing upon the watch-tower, could distinguish the old grey pony, and the old grey steward sitting upon his back. But even before he could tell which was pony and which was man, he could see a bright, gleaming spot, like a shimmering star, which he knew was the golden hair of the princess.

But imagine the surprise of the porter when the party reached the entrance, for then he saw, cuddled up against the old steward's breast, another little figure. He could not believe his eyes, and only when he lifted the child off the pony, at Swanhild's command, and felt her in his arms, a real little girl, could he trust his senses.

Swanhild had not gone down into the world for naught. She led the new arrival up to the king and queen, who stood on the grand front steps of the castle, waiting to welcome home their missionary child.

"King-papa and queen-mamma," she said, "I have brought you a new little daughter, she hadn't any mother at all, nor even a castle to live in, and she was lonely and hungry, and will you love her, please?"

It was truly a pitiable sight. A little girl about as tall as Swanhild, but very thin, with great, black, hungry eyes and pale cheeks, and nothing but rags and tatters and dirt to cover her.

There was no refusing little Swanhild, but, to tell the truth, I don't think the queen would have had the heart to send the poor child away, even if the princess had not insisted upon keeping her, for now that the queen's heart had begun to show itself, it was proving to be very kind and tender, a true mother's heart. There is not much difference between a queen-mother and an ordinary mother, after all. The great thing is being a mother, not being a queen.

And what did this dear queen-mother do but put her arms around both the little maidens at once, and hug them and kiss them together, while the king in his golden crown looked on and smiled, and even the pompous porter seemed to like it, and Heinrich stood opening and shutting his mouth, as if he were going to say a great deal but just at the last minute thought better of it and decided not to. Then they took the child into the castle and gave her to Clotilda, who bathed her in a great silver tub and brushed her hair until it shone.

In the meantime, Swanhild had clambered up into the lap of the king as he sat upon his throne. The thrones were made of gold and were very magnificent to look at, and they were cushioned with soft, eider-down cushions, so they were also comfortable to sit upon — which is more important. Little Swanhild, however, liked her king-papa's knee better than a golden throne, even with silken cushions upon it.

"Now you must listen very hard and not say a word until I finish, please," she began, "because it will be such a long story, and I know you will go to sleep, king-papa, if you don't listen very hard."

"My little one," said the king, "I will listen as hard, as hard — as a rock:" which was such a silly thing for the old king to say that they all laughed. Then Swanhild began in good earnest.

She told of the many, many people she had seen down in the wide world; of the tiny cottages so full of babies that they seemed to be running over with them: so full that the biggest babies must play in the streets instead of in the "little castles."

"Heinrich told me they were cottages," said Swanhild, "but I know they were castles, because people lived in them, and king-papa, don't you think our castle is too big for just us?"

"It is quite big enough," said the king, but he looked thoughtful until Swanhild gave him a little kiss on his snow-white beard and he smiled.

Then she went on with her story. Such a long story it was that they had to stop in the middle of it and go to dinner, but that was not much of an interruption. The other little girl had a golden high chair by the side of Swanhild, and a big bowl of bread and milk just like the princess'.

I cannot tell you all of Swanhild's story: besides, it would be too sad to tell, for it made even happy little Swanhild cry to think of the sorrow and the sin and the misery she had seen, but when she had quite finished they all sat very still for a minute, then Swanhild said:

"Well, king-papa, what shall we do?"

"Do!" said the king.

"Yes," went on Swanhild, "we can't bring them all up here to live."

"Well, no, not quite all," said the king, in a bewildered tone.

"But we can bring some of them," continued the princess, "and we can go down often to see the rest of them, can't we, mamma, dear?"

"Go down often!" said the queen. To go down at all was a new idea to her.

"Yes," said Swanhild, and teach them how to sweep, for they live in very dirty little castles, and I shall go and sing to them. I sang to them this time and they liked it very much, and Clotilda shall take care of the little sick babies and when they are better can I have them up in my big nursery? I shall amuse them and make them all laugh."

She stopped, her eyes shining with pleasure. The queen looked at the king; the king looked bewildered. Then he glanced doubtfully at the queen, and all at once he smiled and the queen smiled, and and they nodded their heads with the golden crowns upon them, then the king said very gently to Swanhild: "My little one, it shall be as you have said."

That was the beginning, but I cannot tell you what the end will be. To-day if you should go to the castle you would see very pleasant sights. All the large rooms that stood empty and disused are filled with happy people. The road, once silent and deserted, is alive with the sound of horses' hoofs and merry voices. Sometimes a group of people will stop upon the hill-side before the castle gate and, as if they were so full of thankfulness they could not help it, will cry all together

"God bless our King and our Queen!"

And little Swanhild, where is she?

One night the queen could not sleep. She lay long looking at a beautiful beam of moonlight that came streaming in at the window like a silver path of glory. Suddenly down the moon-beam came a cloud, a fleecy, golden cloud gleaming with tender, pink shadows. It floated over to the little bed where Swanhild was lying. It rested a moment there: then the queen saw little Swanhild put up her tiny hands and in a moment the cloud had closed about her with its tender radiance and it bore her up—away from the couch, away from the dimness, into the silver glory of the moonbeam, and then up, up, through the light and away: but as she passed from the queen's sight the room seemed filled with strange, wonderful music, low and sweet, and it formed itself into words. The queen could never tell what the words were, she only knew that they filled her with perfect peace.

In the morning Swanhild was gone and they never saw her again, but the heavenly song was in the heart of the queen and the remembrance of the shining princess was in the hearts of them all and they could not be sad.

M. D. E. Lauderburn.

UNFULFILLED.

If ever the winds would cease to blow,
If ever the seas would cease to flow,
We might find peace, my heart and I.
But the wind is destiny's chosen sign,
And the symbol of strife, grey sea, is thine,
And we are alive—my heart and I.

If ever the birds would cease to sing,
If ever the grass would cease to spring,
We might grow sad, my heart and I.
But our bird's song holds all the glory of June,
And the grass, in its birth, bids summer come soon,
And we have a hope—my heart and I.

If ever the children would cease to weep,
If ever the spectre 'want' would sleep,
We might grow glad, my heart and I.
But the childrens' tears are turning to blood,
And the spectre gloats o'er the crimson flood,
And we burn with love—my heart and I.

Ada S. Woolfolk, '91.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

Once upon a time, in a queer, rambling, old house, dwelt a queer — I had almost said rambling — old family. The parents were descendants of old families of the neighborhood, who had married and intermarried until their very marked peculiarities had in several instances developed into insanity, and the thought of this was never absent from their minds, casting a deep gloom over the home life — a gloom, however, which all, with characteristic reticence, attempted to ignore.

At the time of my story the father had been dead for some years, and the family were living in the greatest seclusion, seeing no one, and scarcely leaving their grounds.

The eldest son was a deep student, and night after night sat in the library, poring over his books, long after the rest of the family had gone to their rooms. One night as he sat working, a terrible storm raged without. It seemed as if the flood gates had been burst open, and the old house creaked and strained in the grasp of the strong winds. At last a burst of greater fury than any before descended upon the house, shattering a great tree outside the study windows and rousing Burton from his studies. As he listened to the howling wind, the clock struck two — he rose, lit his candle and started upstairs: the library was really too gloomy during such a storm.

The old-fashioned stairway wound about, and at one of the turnings, Burton, lost in meditation, paused an instant. His wandering thoughts were recalled with fearful suddenness, for in that instant, from the surrounding darkness a face flashed on him — a face so wild, so white, so unearthly in its ghastly horror, that he stood helpless, and his very heart stopped beating. A breath of air extinguished his candle, and when he relighted it the face was gone. He passed on to his room, wondering if the curse of insanity had fallen upon him.

The next night a cheerful moon was shining. Burton awoke from a deep sleep to find the moonlight streaming into his room, and through its ghostly light for an instant passed the face, noiseless, bodiless, the eyes staring fixedly at him through the shaggy, matted hair. The cold sweat stood on his forehead, and in his anguish he groaned aloud, and turned his face to the wall.

After this, scarcely a night passed that he did not see the face. Sometimes he saw it on the stairs, sometimes he saw it in his room, sometimes it peered at him from dark corners of the hall; but it was ever the same, and he passed sadly, silently on his way, pondering how best to break the truth to his mother.

At last he went to the old family physician, and poured out his troubles to him. The doctor laughed at his fears, gave him a sleeping draught, and told him to stop studying, adding that he had done well not to frighten his mother.

The next day, as the doctor sat in his office, Alice, the eldest daughter of the Randolphs, came in.

She sat down, looking sadly at him, and said, "Doctor, it has come at last — the curse has fallen upon me and I am mad."

"Nonsense," said the doctor, vigorously, "what do you mean?"

"For days," she answered, in the same hopeless tone, "I have seen a face — such a wild, fearful face. It comes to my room in the dead of night, I meet it on the stairs; it is ever the same, vanishing noiselessly and suddenly."

"You need change of air," said the doctor, carelessly. "You must go away. And by the way, have you spoken about this to any one?"

"No," answered the girl, "I thought they would have to know it soon enough."

"That is right," said the doctor, "don't speak of it." And then he talked cheerfully to her, and sent her away brave and encouraged.

"It is strange, very strange," he mused, when she had gone, "but then, they are a strange family. It cannot be that any one — good gracious! here is Mrs. Randolph. I am glad she didn't meet Alice here."

Mrs. Randolph came in, and gazed at the doctor with the look of a hunted creature in her eyes.

"It has come at last," she said, quietly, without noticing his friendly greeting. "I have expected it for years, and now the curse has fallen, and I am mad." And the poor woman dropped her face into her hands.

The doctor caught his breath, but before he could speak she raised her head and went on.

"For days I have been haunted by a face—"

"Now see here, Mrs. Randolph," interrupted the doctor, "I know all about that face. Burton was here yesterday, and Alice not an hour ago, and both have seen it, and both think they are going mad, and *I* know there is someone in your house. I will go with you and we will settle this mystery."

When they reached the house they found a body of mounted men waiting near the door. One of them approached, and addressing Mrs. Randolph, said they came from the B—— insane asylum: that a dangerous patient had escaped some weeks before, and they had at last traced him to her house, and wished to search it.

In the garret they found him: back under the eaves he had found himself a lair, and there he crouched, his wild eyes peering through his matted hair, like some wild beast brought to bay.

When, after a terrible struggle, his keepers secured him and bore him away, Burton kissed his mother quietly, and went back to the library: Alice took up her work, and Mrs. Randolph went to her household duties, and the matter was never referred to again.

THE PROPHETIC EGG.

We were all sitting around the cheery, open fire, children and grandchildren, with dear old grandma, in her big arm chair, in the centre. We were all quiet, listening to the howling and sighing of the wind around the house and watching the dancing flames before us, when the smallest one of the company broke the silence by saying, "Grandma, please tell me a story, something you did when you were a little girl."

"Dear child," said grandma, drawing the little one to her, "I have told you my stories so many times, you do not wish to hear them again, do you?"

But little Helen would consent to no refusal and, in a few minutes, after continued teasing and much coaxing from us all, she relented and said, "I believe I have one story after all that I have never told you, nor any one else, and it is more than sixty years since it happened.

We all drew our chairs a little closer to grandma and the fire, and seated ourselves comfortably, and she began. "This happened one spring when I was spending a few days with

my cousin, Maria Starkweather; you know Maria, for I have to told you so many stories about her. She lived in the little village of Whitmantown, a few miles from where we lived. I can see the old town now, as I rode into it, in the big farm wagon, for the first time. It consisted of one, long, shady street, on both sides of which, at some distance from each other and back from the road, stood the large, comfortable, white houses the homes of the well-to-do, easy-going inhabitants. Uncle Starkweather was one of the town fathers and his house was the best and most elegant in the town, that is, it was full two stories, instead of one or, possibly, one and a half, and was much whiter than its neighbors along the street.

On this particular afternoon when my story commences, we two girls and Dorothy Stone, a neighbor's daughter, were sitting on the tables in Aunt's pleasant, sunny kitchen, lazily swinging our feet and wishing for something to do.

We instinctively turned to Maria, for she was always the leader and always had some fun on hand. Nor did she disappoint us this time either, for, after a moment of reflection, she told us that that morning she had read in an old magazine in the attic, 'a splendid trick.'

"You see, girls," she began, "it is how to write on an egg. It can be done with grease and then by letting it stand in vinegar for a while, the part of the shell where the grease is, will be eaten out, leaving the writing plain, and the rest of the egg perfect."

"Let's do it," said Dorothy, "and then put it back in a nest, in the barn, and it will be gathered with the other eggs to-night. I wonder what the people will think about it. I don't believe they ever heard of it. No one ever hears of anything in this stupid place."

I remember that I went to the woodshed and climbed to the top of the woodpile that I might get a stick just the right size with which to write, and Maria and Dorothy got the egg and grease and vinegar from the cellar. The next question was what to write on it, but we were not long in deciding that it should be "Woe to Whitmantown." "Let's do something to stir up this dead little village," Dorothy had said. It was soon written and we left it to stand on the kitchen shelf, beside the clock and the almanac. When we took it out about half an hour later, the words were as clear and plain as if they had been cut from the otherwise perfect shell. We carried the egg in triumph to the big old barn, and put it in the nest of the big black hen, the pride of the whole family.

Not long afterwards, my Cousin Johnny came running in the house, slamming the doors behind him, and said "Ma, see here! I found the queerest egg in old Blackie's nest, it looks as though it had some writing on it." Aunt Sarah took it and looked at it. Just then Uncle Sam and the men came in from the field; the egg passed from hand to hand, and one of them read "Woe to Whitmantown." I remember as if it were but yesterday, the effect that was produced when those words were read. No one spoke for a moment, then the egg had to be passed around again that all might see the words for themselves. Aunt, who was cooking the potatoes for supper, put in so much salt that they could not be eaten when supper time came; and such was the excitement, that one of the men threw his coat down on a tub of fresh butter that was standing on the table.

Meanwhile, Uncle quietly opened the door and stepped out. I watched him as he passed down the front path, that path that was considered so elegant in those days, by the simple country folk, on account of its border of white, shiny shells. He crossed the street and disappeared. Soon he returned and the minister with him, that he, too, might see this phenomenon of nature, and explain the strange superscription found upon it, for the minister,

because of his learning, was looked up to by all as supreme authority. I can see him clearly now as he took the egg. All were waiting anxiously for the wise interpretation that should fall from his lips. He turned it over and looked at it, and then said, in his solemn, nasal voice. "I believe this is a warning to Whitmantown, and that the day of judgment is not afar off." All agreed with him, except we girls, who were so surprised by the effect of our little joke that no one of us said a word.

Before dark, all the town knew of the egg with the prophetic words on it, that had been found in Samuel Starkweather's barn. Everyone in the village came to the house to see it, everyone was alarmed. The whole town was for once awakened. I do not doubt but that each man thought of the opportunities he had neglected and of the work left undone. Some one suggested a prayer meeting and one was held in Aunt's pleasant kitchen, the same kitchen in which we sat when we wrote on that harmless little egg, just for a little fun, and *this* was the fun. The big family Bible was taken from its place on the shelf and given to the minister, who, I remember, read of the separation of the sheep from the goats at the end of the world; and all wept as he prayed for deliverance from this end, if possible, but, at least, from a fire and brimstone punishment.

During the next few weeks, no one worked; all the business of the little town was suspended, except for the one great business of preparing for the judgment day. The cows were not even driven to the pasture, nor were the walks swept in the morning, a thing, which, if neglected at any other time, would have caused the good housewives to hold up their hands in holy horror. Prayer meetings were held everywhere, but generally at the Starkweather's, as it was in their barn that the warning had been found.

"Grandma!" interrupted one of the children, "I can't think what kind of a town it was, that would be so excited by such a little thing."

"But, you must remember," said grandma, "that this happened in the early part of this century, before the days of railroads, and in one of those quiet, almost lifeless, little towns, where the same people lived on, year after year in the same way, without any knowledge of what goes on in the bustling world around them; indeed, it was a great event in Whitmantown, when once a year, the owner of the one store went to New York to replenish his simple stock; and if a stranger came to the village, he and his affairs were town-talk for months.

But you can't imagine how we girls felt; we did not dare to tell, and the longer we put it off the harder it was to even think of doing so. If any one noticed that we were calmer and more quiet than usual, it was, of course, thought to be on account of the impending crisis.

A great burden was lifted from my mind when, a few days later, father came to take me home. I was sure when I was once there I would hear no more about that harmless little egg. I remember with what a sigh of relief I shook the dust of Whitmantown from off my feet. But when we reached the house, our minister was there waiting to talk over with father this strange news he had heard about Whitmantown. He thought that since we were only a few miles from the doomed village that we, too, would share its fate. Several neighbors came in to discuss the unusual bit of news, and another prayer meeting was held, this time in our own house. I remember how I welcomed the before-detestable task of washing the dishes, anything to give me a chance to escape for a moment from the atmosphere of prayer meetings. While I was doing this father came out, and said to me "Alma, if you know anything about this, you keep quiet." I could

not think why he said this to me, but it must have been, as it seems to me now, that I both looked and acted guilty.

The excitement in our town was as intense as in that of the doomed village itself, and both awaited anxiously their coming fate, but for a fate that came not. This condition of affairs continued for several weeks, then gradually the people began to resume their work, the cows were again driven to pasture and the walks were once more swept. Several months later a great event took place, a stranger came to Whitmantown and it was by him that the mystery was explained. I doubt, however, whether the conservative inhabitants of the village ever accepted his explanation or not."

"Well, mother" said one of her sons, "one thing is certain and that is that the person who said 'A woman cannot keep a secret,' neve knew you."

Grace Osborne Edwards, '94.

THE JEW IN LITERATURE.

After grave and lengthy deliberation, we have deemed it best, in our study of this truly comprehensive subject, to gather together a few pen pictures, faithfully delineating the Jew as he appears in representative works, and thereby forming a composite, which we beg leave to christen, "The Jew in Literature."

It is an interesting fact that such pen pictures must be almost entirely drawn from the drama and the novel. True, we have a handful of quaint old ballads, where roams the Wandering Jew, wrapt in his mantle of mystery; we note that 'tis a "cruel Jew" whom Chaucer makes to serve as villain in the "Prioresse's Tale," and we gather up a brief touch here, an unfilled outline there, in modern poesy, but when all is done, we come to the conclusion that the Jew is no favorite with poets.

By the dramatist and novelist, however, he is appreciated. In him are seen peculiar gifts capable of high development — a character exciting warm sympathy or intense repulsion, never permitting a feeling of indifference, and furnishing material for the strongest of plots and the knottiest complications. Here we often find the Jew, and wherever we find him we are sure to find a leading character.

There is one fact, however, which we must consider in our effort to obtain a true composite. Like the famous little girl in the classic couplet, is the Jew in literature:

"When he is good, he is very good, indeed,
And when he is bad, he is horrid."

Shakespeare, Marlowe and Dickens caricature. Sidney Luska and Dorothea Gerard aim at realism. All the rest idealize, and ideals vary.

From the dramatists we gain three Jewish portraits. In Marlowe's "Jew of Malta" we see a strong and stubborn nature, possessed by two fierce passions — lust for gold and love for his daughter. When both gold and daughter are wrested away, does he succumb? Not he — he lives, and lives a fiend incarnate. This is his creed:

"First be thou void of these affections:
Compassion, love, vain hope, and heartless fear.
Be moved at nothing, see thou pity none,
But to thyself smile when the christians moan."

When dying in torture, he exclaims:

"Then Barabas, breathe forth thy latest hate,
And in the fury of thy torments strive
To end thy life with resolution.
Die, life! Fly, soul!
Tongue, curse thy fill, and die!"

In Shakespeare's Shylock there is the same dark picture of a fierce, implacable, fiery nature, pricked and goaded beyond all endurance, and then turning at bay with a desperate cruelty that appalls one by its intensity. There is yet a pathos here and there.

"Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe."

"I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew senses, affections, passions? Fed by the same food,

hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, as a Christian? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us shall we not revenge?"

Nevertheless, such is his native obstinacy and self-will, that we believe Antonio when he says:

"'Question with the Jew'—
You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height.
You may as well do anything most hard
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart."

In Barabas and Shylock, we see strong natures under pressure, virtues — for virtues they have — crushed out of recognition, vices intensified, and the whole nature soured and embittered. "The Jew" of Richard Cumberland presents a striking contrast. Sheva, a wealthy broker and money-lender, and a great miser, is represented as giving a fortune of his own accord to the daughter of a man who had once done him a great act of kindness. This illustrates a marked characteristic of the Jew that cannot be denied. He is as grateful as he is revengeful.

In his drama of "Nathan the Wise," the great German poet, Lessing, took Moses Mendelssohn as a model for his Jew. The character of Nathan is an excellent study, especially as it is the greatest modern representative of the Jew in drama.

We now turn to the still more satisfactory novel. Of the many women drawn by Walter Scott, the acknowledged queen is Rebecca, the Jewess. Ideally beautiful with the beauty of her race, with powerful intellect, womanly ways, rare presence of mind, remarkable self-control, purity that preferred an instant death to a single stain of dishonor, a loyal pride in her race, magnanimity, a quality ofttimes absent in woman they say, witness that farewell scene with Rowena — it makes one nobler for the very reading; in short, a woman, who, had she not been a Jewess, would have brought all around her to her feet, and who, as it was, received unusual homage from those who despised and hated her religion. She is in reality the heroine of "Ivanhoe," though Rowena may ostensibly occupy that position. It is the grandeur of her character that lifts her there. Against the dark background of those troublous, turbulent times, 'mid the crime and passion and weakness of those around her, she stands out in clear relief, an ideal woman, and as an ideal woman, her race and her religion are forgotten. In her we see a strong Jewish nature, apparently uninfluenced by the scorn and hatred and indignity heaped upon her race. It may be, perchance, because she is so young, for youth is not easily crushed, and bends but to rebound with reaction quite as strong. In her father, however, we see the strong nature bowed, humiliated, and submitting with a curious and often pitiful resignation to every variety of insult. Yet at the same time he lives another life — a life in which he walks erect, a man. He knows the power of vast wealth; he knows, and acts accordingly. A keen, far-sighted business man, in whose Midas palms the hard gold trebles and quadruples, a firm, yes, obstinate nature, a kind and generous heart — were Isaac of York *not* a Jew, what might have been his career, to what heights might he not have attained?

From Scott we turn to George Eliot, master in character sketching, and again we find that her noblest creation is a Jew. In Daniel Deronda we seem to be shown the possibilities of a Jew's development, when, his origin hidden even from himself, he is given a fair chance in the world. May we quote several color bits from the author?

"You could hardly have seen his face meeting yours, without believing that human

creatures had done nobly in times past, and might do more nobly in the time to come."

"There was hardly a delicacy of feeling this lad was not capable of."

"Still it was not Deronda's disposition to escape from ugly scenes; he was more inclined to sit through them, and take care of the fellow least able to take care of himself."

His face, "a face at once young, grand and beautiful, where if there is any melancholy, it is not feeble passivity, but enters into the foreshadowed capability of heroism."

He is, in fact, an ideal gentleman — as ideal as has ever been drawn in fiction. Chivalrous, pure, compassionate, gifted, lovable, modest, thoughtful, magnanimous, self-sacrificing, on the beauty of his life and character appears no stain. And so, all unconsciously, he makes for himself such a reputation, and wins such a love and devotion that when at last he learns his right to the despised name, and cheerfully takes it upon himself, he brings glory and honor unto it. He "glorifies the possibilities of the Jew."

And Mordecai — great-hearted, great-minded, above the low and sordid things of life, a prophet, a poet, a thinker, one who still clung to the old religion, fervently believing in the speedy return of its prophetically promised glory. There is something truly pathetic in the bent and white-haired figure, waiting and planning, and working so patiently for what seemed so far, far away.

It is like Charles Dickens to create a Fagin — an incarnation of guilt in Jewish guise, repulsive, villainous, utterly degraded, cowardly cruel, with not the faintest gleam of a redeeming quality, and then — in a burst of remorse, perchance — to sketch with tender, loving touches, one such as Mr. Riah in "Our Mutual Friend." It is a tiny sketch indeed, but a master hand did it, and the quaintness and the beauty, with the pathos of it all, linger in the mind and fancy, when much else has slipped away. Do we see him? "A venerable man, with long hair and beard, and graceful Eastern homage. Though he looked shabby, he did not look mean. Now Fledgeby, though not shabby, did look mean."

"'I have had sickness and misfortune, and was so poor,' said the old man, 'as hopelessly to owe the father principal and interest. The son inheriting was so merciful as to place me here.' He made a little gesture, as though he kissed the hem of an imaginary garment worn by the noble youth before him. It was humbly done, but picturesquely, and was not abasing to the doer."

In Charles Kingsley's "Hypatia," we have Raphael Aben Ezra, a character Jewish to the core. Given as factors: pride, determination, a passionate Eastern nature, and fine intellectual powers — hidden under a cool, sarcastic, skeptical nonchalance, in an environment of wealth, luxury, power, we have as the product, an aggravated selfishness, misanthropy, mild interest in the Neo Platonism advocated and taught by Hypatia — in brief, a life outwardly self-satisfied, inwardly a chaos of utter discontent.

Again, given the same nature, encountering and loving two rare and noble spirits. After a discovery of the beautiful correspondence of their lives with the Christ-precepts they professed, there comes a most wonderful change. There remain the same Jewish determination, intensity of purpose, pride, and passionate nature, yet ennobled and purified.

With the name of Ben Hur, Prince of Judah, there rises before us a vision of manly beauty, endurance, burning national pride, passions intense, love for his friends, fierce revenge for his foes, cool, clear-headed determination—that much to be dreaded nature that can "bide its time."

In Simonides, Lew Wallace has drawn one of the strongest, truest types of Jewish character. "His head and face were those of a man

who might move the world more easily than the world could move him—a man to be twelve times tortured into the shapeless cripple he was, without a groan, much less a confession: a man to yield his life, but never a purpose or a point; a man born in armor, assailable only through his loves."

In his own words, "I bring him a soul which has triumphed over torture, and Roman malice keener than any torture—I bring him a mind which has eyes to see gold at a distance farther than the ships of Solomon sailed, and power to bring it to hand—a mind skilled at scheming."

"I have that faculty which is better than any one sense, better than a perfect body, better than courage and will, better than experience ordinarily the best product of the longest lives—the faculty divinest of men—but which even the great do not sufficiently account, while with the herd it is a non-existence—the faculty of drawing men to my purpose and holding them faithfully to its achievements."

In "Charles Auchester," Elizabeth Shepard has given us peculiar types of the Jewish race. Charles Auchester himself seems a rare creature, intense in all his emotions, sensitive, musical, affectionate, proud of being half a Jew. He exultingly cries:—"Herein my chief glory lies, and whatever enlightenment my destiny has boasted, streams from that radiant point. I know there are many who would as genuinely rejoice in descent from Mahomet, from Attila, from Robin Hood, as from any of Israel's children, but I claim the golden link in my genealogy is that which connects it with eternity, and with all that in my faith is glorious."

In a study of Charles Auchester's hero, Chevalier Seraphael,

"We follow up to starry heights
The shining feet of Mendelssohn."

His beauty, his transcendent genius, even Charles Auchester struggles in vain to describe. It seems to me the secret lies in the Chevalier's own words:—"Charles, a man may be always longing to be an angel, and never consider what it is to be a man."

It is with a feeling akin to curiosity that we seek to find Disraeli's portrait of a Jew, Sidonia, in "Coningsby." As to this young Arabian Jew, with his fabulous wealth, his heights and depths of wisdom and knowledge, we read:—

"He was susceptible of deep emotions, but not for individuals." "The only human quality that interested Sidonia was intellect. He cared not whence it came, where it was to be found: creed, country, class, character, in this respect, were alike indifferent to him."

"It may be fairly said of Sidonia that few men were more popular, and none less understood." Disraeli gives to his Jew power, power in everything, Sidonia is loved without loving. People instinctively bow in his presence. If a Jew's ideal of a Jew, he is most suggestive a study.

We have most grave respect for Hawthorne's interpretations, and when he gives his strongest character in "Marble Faun" a vein of Jewish blood, it is full of significance. In his Miriam, we behold a proud and self-dependent woman, with startling force and energy of will, iron resolution, a passionate, highly strung nature, possessing remarkable power over lives of others—what does Hawthorne mean us to infer?

Still on the whole, we have the strongest delineation of Jewish character by two of our modern writers, Dorothea Gerard and Sidney Luska, who set out with definite purpose to sketch the typical modern Jew.

"Orthodox," by Dorothea Gerard, is a realistic picture of Polish Jews. The intense abhorrence of the Jewish mind to marriage with a Christian, and the still deeper hatred of apostacy, is most strongly depicted. The Orthodox Jew is seen to break his most solemn vows if made to a Christian, and he does it

with the clearest of consciences. The story closes with this significant question and answer.

"Is it that Berisch Marmorstein is a very bad man, or is it only that he is a very good Jew?"

"He is Orthodox!"

Sidney Luska, in a quartette of books, "As It was Written," "Mrs. Peixada," "Grandison Mather," and "The Yoke of the Thorah," has given almost as strong a picture of the modern New York Jew,—truly a most interesting study. In the first three, the plots do not turn upon the fact that the characters are of Jewish birth, but there is strong work in the character sketching. It is in "The Yoke of the Thorah," that we have a plot Jewish through and through.

"Elias Bacharach," to quote the author, "had been bred in the strictest sect of his religion; a rare thing in this country in these days of radicalism and unbelief. From his earliest boyhood down, his training, his associations, his family life, nearly every influence that had borne upon him had been of a nature to make him *intensely*, if not zealously or aggressively, a Jew—to imbue his mind with the Jewish faith, and to color his character to its innermost fibres with strong Jewish feelings." "His uncle, the Rabbi, had taken all charge of his education. Pride of race had been an integral part of the curriculum. Never forget that you are a Jew, and remember that the world has no honor to bestow upon you equal to the honor that attaches to your birth. To be born in Israel is more than to be born a prince.' To a Jew such as this, nothing could be more repugnant than the idea of marriage with a Christian."

Alas for Elias Bacharach! The young artist falls deeply in love with a golden-haired maiden, but a Gentile. Consider the training of the youth, and the powerful pressure brought to bear upon his life. Think on the other hand of the measureless strength of love: pit the two in a crucial conflict, and have you not material enough for a thrilling romance? For a time the Jew gets the better of the man. But love grows deeper and deeper, and then all his race pride, his superstition, his orthodoxy, are flung to the winds, and the man gets the better of the Jew. But at last, dazed, bewildered, bending beneath a pressure so terrific that one shudders to think of its power, he gives up his first and only love — aye, seeks to stifle and bury it away in his heart, and makes a marriage *a la mode* with one of his own race. For a while he endeavors faithfully to do what he believes to be his duty, the struggle is a fearful one, and no wonder that the speedy outcome is death. Nature can no longer endure the strain, and thus, at last, it is the man that triumphs over the Jew.

Having gathered together these typical pen pictures, we may each make our own composite, agreeing one with another at least in this, that the two leading characteristics of the Jew in literature are power and strength—strength in both virtues and vices: power over self and over others. *A. W. K.*, '94.

IN LITTLE VENICE.

(From The Phi Sigma Rebound.)

She was very pretty, with a certain independent resolute way about her which was both amusing and attractive. Her little hands had found resting-places in the very convenient pockets of the trim yachting jacket, and the river breezes took all sorts of unwarrantable liberties with her hair. She held her dainty head very erect, as though she were conscious of being just the least bit superior to other mortals. But this was only natural and quite justifiable, for was she not a college graduate and the author of that scholarly and brilliant satire upon, "Title Worship in Democratic America." To be sure the satire was not completed, or in fact begun. But what matters that. Its success was assumed. The necessary

data were collected in most systematically tabulated form within the covers of a neat little note book, and Dorothy's democratic little head was teeming with bitter invectives against title worship in general, and aristocracy and titled noblemen in particular. Dorothy, Vassar, '91, was fully impressed with the college-bred belief that the world needed reform, and influenced with a laudable determination to reform it. She was a staunch little Democrat, too, and her first battle cry was to be against aristocracy and titles.

He was a typical Englishman, fair-haired and ruddy of face, with that certain indefinable air of superiority which an Englishman always wears in America. He too was young. He likewise had an air of great wisdom, for was not he the author of that brilliant satire upon "The College Woman." The satire was not completed to be sure. But what mattered that? It had been begun and when once finished it was sure to take the world by storm, and overturn everyone's newly-formed theories of higher education and woman's sphere.

Dorothy and the Englishman stood very near each other in the bow of the steamer, as the red roofs and towers of the little St. Clair Venice came in sight in the distance. The sunshine was mirrored by a thousand tiny ripples in the river. The sky above was fair and blue. The very consciousness of being alive was exhilaration, and the faces of all on the boat reflected the brightness and happiness of the day.

The boat pushed its way slowly through the canal which formed the last mile of the journey, and the great, hive-like dome of the St. Clair Club House came into sight. This club was the first stopping place in Little Venice. The wide verandas were crowded with happy-looking, care-free Detroiters, who rushed with one accord to the docks to meet the boat. All was bustle and excitement there. Pretty girls in jaunty yachting suits laughed up at their friends on the decks of the steamer. Mammas, not over sedate, waved their parasols aloft, and children, in gay, butterfly colors, ran about in imminent danger of being drowned. A self-important little pug, all silver bells and red ribbons, paced dignifiedly up and down in front of the crowd, his ears and tail cocked at the most aristocratic angle.

The gang-way was lowered, and one by one those of the passengers who were fortunate enough to be entitled to the privileges of the exclusive St. Clair Club House, disembarked, and were greeted by their friends with loud exclamations of delight and welcome.

A pretty little matron, beneath a parasol which cast a most becoming red light upon her face, rushed up to Dorothy.

"You dear girl! How glad I am to see you. Why didn't you come this morning? We all expected you. How well you are looking! Your sunburn is immensely becoming. How is — Gracious, how very delightful! If there isn't Baron Landseer! Baron! Baron!" She waved the red parasol frantically toward a tall young Englishman who was endeavoring to extricate himself from a crowd of dogs and children. He advanced toward the pretty woman "Charmed to meet you here, I am sure. Most delightful surprise."

The little woman smiled prettily.

"And I too, am delighted, for I want you to meet a very dear niece of mine. Why, where has she gone? Dorothy, child! Oh, here she is. Dorothy, I want you to meet Baron Landseer. Baron, my niece Miss Moore, Vassar, '91."

The Baron bowed low.

"Charmed to meet you Miss Moore, I am sure" he murmured, and he thought,

"How very fortunate! Now I have an available study for my satire."

Dorothy, with her head very erect, bestowed upon him a frigid little smile for propriety's sake, and thought,

"How very fortunate! A real, live English baron to study for my satire."

However delightful life may be in that little island city in the middle of Lake St. Clair, with the constant breezes, the beautiful sunset effects over the waters, and the soft browns and greens of the Canadian marsh lands: however satisfactory it may be to that community in which everyone is sure to be correct from a financial and social point of view, which in fact, is the very crême de la crême of Detroit society; however comfortable it may be in that well appointed Club House with its wide sunny verandas, its dainty parlors and huge fireplaces: it must be confessed that life there is not in the strict sense of the word, exciting. When one has explored lake and river in a launch, or played tennis on the one court which the tiny islands afford, there remains nothing else to be done, except to watch the never-ending procession of boats pass by on their way to the lakes, or to study human nature.

Indeed the club is an excellent place for character-study. Dorothy appreciated that fact immediately, and she at once devoted herself, in the most cold-blooded fashion, to a complete analysis of English baron. It would certainly be very effective and convincing to put a typical titled asistocrat with all his weaknesses and follies and foibles into the satire. She seized the opportunity eagerly, and jotted down from day to day in her neat little note book her careful observations and conclusions.

At the end of the first week the notes began as follows: Characteristics of the typical titled aristocrat.

1. Arrogance.
2. Conceit.
3. Tendency to look down upon all things American.
4. Conservatism.
5. Narrowness of outlook.

But, strange to say, as the days went by and Dorothy studied her Englishman more closely, there was a radical change in the character of her observations, and the little Democratic maiden found herself putting down almost reluctantly. "Great Courage, True Courtesy, Kindness, High ideals of duty, Altruistic sentiments."

There was a correspondingly surprising change in the baron's estimate of his typical college girl. As he learned to know her better and to see the true Dorothy whom reserve and self-consciousness could not long conceal, he began to admire her sincerity, her loving little heart, her broad way of looking at all questions. And he was much perplexed.

Here indeed were two strange paradoxes, a titled aristocrat as unaffected, as courteous, as kind of heart as an American nobody, and a college graduate as tender and sweet and loving as any ignorant little maiden who had never heard of Browning.

In a little community like that gathered at the Club House in which everyone is bound to his neighbor by many common interests, a secret is short lived indeed, and before many days everyone, the Baron included, knew that Dorothy was writing a satire on barons, and everyone, Dorothy included, knew that the Baron was writing a satire on Dorothy's. The progress of the two satires proved an interesting topic for veranda gossip and speculation.

The summer days passed away all too swiftly in the island city. The night became long and chilly, cold grey fog hung over the lake in the morning, and from the far off brown marshes came the weird cries of the reed birds. These signs all betokened the near approach of autumn, and one by one the guests fled from the Club House to a warmer and less amphibious mode of life in that great city.

To Dorothy the grey, unfinished, phantom-like days possessed a peculiar charm, and she made one of the little party who remained. The Baron remained also: probably to complete his satire.

But the last evening came for them too, and the morning boat would take the last of the summer guests back to Detroit. It was one of those tender, moon-bright evenings which the summer occasionally sends back to us after she has departed. This air was as soft and warm as in June, and the guests sat long on the veranda, enjoying moonlight and listening to the faint lapping of the waves about the piers. But they retired at last. One by one the lights went out and the great Club House seemed to be asleep in the silence and the flood of silvery moonshine.

Suddenly the great entrance door opened softly. A little figure, draped in a mantle of dark, filmy lace, crept stealthily out on the veranda, and stepping into one of the little boats that lay at the dock, rowed into the stream, under the shadow of the house. The moon glided under a cloud. It was very dark on the lake waters, and the little boat, carried forward by firm, resolute strokes, could not be seen.

Shortly afterward a second figure embarked in a boat at the Club House and made for the open waters of the lake. And the dark night and the shadows shrouded that as well.

Fifteen minutes later the moon came suddenly out from behind the cloud and fell full upon the boats in the open waters of the lake. In one boat sat Dorothy: in the other the baron: and between them, slowly sinking through the clear waters, were two little white packages.

Dorothy and her companion, exposed by the treachery of the moon, looked at each other from their respective boats in the greatest amazement and there, overcome in spite of themselves by the absurdity of the meeting, broke into peals of ringing laughter.

"Baron," said Dorothy presently with shining eyes,

"May I ask you a question? What have you been consigning to a watery grave?"

"My satire," was the meek reply. "And may I ask you if that was a kitten which you were drowning just now with such evident satisfaction?"

It was Dorothy's turn to be meek.

"It was my satire," she said. "But, Baron, will you tell me why you did it?"

The Baron hesitated and then,

"Because, Dorothy, my opinion of college girls has changed completely since I met you here."

"Why did you do it?"

"Because, Baron, my opinion of titles has changed since I knew you."

There was a little pause. The current drew the two small boats closely together.

"Dorothy," said the Baron, "the current is strong tonight. It will be hard pulling back to the club house. My boat is large. Will you not let me row you back?"

And Dorothy, the independent, the resolute the upholder of democracy, said "Yes."

Blanche Baker.

HEART OF HEARTS.

Will you come to my heart of hearts? 'Tis a heart o'ergrown with rue.
Where rarely a foot print parts the mosses or dims the dew;
Yet there in the thorn-tree cloven, her nest hath a song-bird woven,
And deep in my heart of hearts the love-lights burn for you.

Would you wend from my heart of hearts? Shall I hold my quest, my thrall?
Peace to the rose that starts wherever your foot-steps fall!
But leaping in fitful flashes, the hearth-fire pants to ashes,
Shadow on bench and ingle, shadow on floor and wall.

All dark in my heart of hearts? Nay: we deemed the skies too far,
When we builded with rustic arts a roof for the storm to mar.
Only the wind at the latches, but in through thy broken thatches,
O shrine in my heart of hearts, gleams a glory tinctured star.

—KATHERINE LEE BATES, in *The Century.*

COLLEGE NOTES.

WEEKLY BULLETIN.

Sunday morning, March 13, Preaching by Dr. T. T. Munger, of New Haven, Conn.

Monday evening, March 14, Address by Mrs. Livermore.

Tuesday evening, March 15, Lecture by Prof. Lyon.

Saturday evening, March 19, Lecture by Prof. Lord.

Last Friday evening, Prof. Dolbear, of Tufts College, gave an interesting lecture to the Juniors on the Theories of Electricity.

The regular meeting of the Art Society was held Saturday evening, March 5, in the Art Gallery. The subject of the evening was "Realism," and the following pictures were presented in tableaux: "Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman," by C. R. Leslie: and "Dutch Peasant Girl," by George Boughton. The papers given were, "Realism in Art," by Miss Stella Hoghton: and "Realism in Literature," by Miss Woodin. The society welcomed to its meeting one of its former members, Miss Linscott, '90.

Dr. Daniel Dorchester, Jr., of Boston University, preached in the chapel at the usual hour on Sunday. His text is found in Acts xvii. 28, "In Him we live and move and have our being." Dr. Dorchester showed that just as we live in a life-giving, physical atmosphere, so we live in a spiritual atmosphere which must always be kept pure by prayer, faith and love.

Last Monday morning can hardly fail to be long remembered by all who heard the delightful treat given in the chapel by the Beacon Male Quartette of Boston. The names of the members of the quartette were sufficient assurance of the good things in store for us, and the chapel was crowded. The artists were Mr. George J. Parker, first tenor, Mr. George W. Want, second tenor, Mr. Arthur B. Hitchcock, first bass, and Mr. D. M. Babcock, second bass, all known as leading soloists of the country, and, with the exception of Mr. Hitchcock, especially well known as oratorio soloists.

The following was the

PROGRAM.

1. Quartette. "Oh, who will o'er the Downes?" Pearsall
2. Songs. { "Proposal." / "Exaltation." } Brackett
   Mr. Parker.
3. Quartette. Serenade. Schubert
4. Song. "The Beauteous Song." Barri
   Mr. Hitchcock.
5. Quartette. "The Miller's Song." Zöllner
6. Song. "The Star of Bethlehem." Adams
   Mr. Want.
7. Quartette. Finland Love Song. Engelsberg
8. Song. "The Mariner's Home Is the Sea." Randigger
   Mr. Babcock.
9. Quartette. "Three Fishers." Goldbeck
10. Duet. "The moon hath raised her lamp." Benedict
    Messrs. Parker and Hitchcock.
11. Solo and Chorus. "The Owl and the Pussy-cat." Ingraham
    Solo by Mr. Hitchcock.

The quartette numbers were exquisite in themselves, and especially so in the way they were interpreted and rendered, perhaps the most beautiful being the arrangement of Schubert's famous serenade. The appreciation of the audience for the solo numbers was shown by the most hearty applause, and the encores given in response by each of the gentlemen were especially enjoyed.

There was but one thing to mar the pleasure of the evening, and that was due to the thoughtlessness — shall we say rudeness? — of many of the students at the rear of the chapel. Not only was it almost impossible for those near the doors to enjoy the program, but it was also a great annoyance and discourtesy to the artists who were entertaining us. Is it not

ime that there should be an immediate and thorough reform in this matter?

A mass meeting of all the students was held in the chapel last Saturday morning, to appoint a committee to decide matters pertaining to the class pins.

Miss Caroline Dresser, '90, spent last Sunday with her friends in College.

Miss Bertha Brush, formerly of '93, spent a few days last week at Waban, with Miss Edith White.

The Sophomores, following the example of '93, are going to invest in a new class boat. They have decided to ask Miss Hill to appoint their crew.

Phi Sigma held its regular programme meeting last Saturday evening.

Miss Sue Cushman, '91, spent last Sunday at Freeman.

Miss May Fuller, of last year's Special organization, spent last Sunday at Stone Hall.

Last Sunday evening Mr. Robert Spear, of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, gave an address on missions. There certainly was no one present who did not feel the earnestness and reality of the command — our Saviour's last command — "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Prof. Lord gave the last of her lectures on ancient Rome in the chapel, last Saturday evening. The subject was "The Coliseum and Public Baths."

Dominie Duckett has a riding school in the gymnasium for those who would learn to guide the wheel. He thinks more of the students should learn to ride and should patronize him, and desires to have this opportunity brought to their notice. Surely only a word to the wise is necessary.

The class of '95 have elected their two historians, Miss Florence Forbes and Miss Caps.

Miss Fuller, '93, has returned to College.

Miss Caroline Randolph, '94, has returned to College.

Mrs. Annie McNeil Cook, '75, and Miss Alice Ranlett, '75, visited at the College last week.

GOOD NIGHT.

Soft gray skies stretching down to earth,
Dews of evening falling:
Shadows stretching where light had birth;
A bird to his mate low calling:
Then, everywhere, peace 'neath the still star—
deeps:
"God's in his heaven,"— the earth-world sleeps.

EXCHANGES.

The Dartmouth announces the election of Professor William J. Tucker, D. D., one of the college trustees, to the president's chair. The election was unanimous, and meets the hearty approval of both faculty and students.

The Sibyl, of Elmira college, quotes and discusses bits from *Pastels in prose*, giving the most praise to Judith Gautier's "*Emperor*." *Literary Friendship*, in the same paper is very readable.

The Amherst Student publishes an editorial on compulsory church, and calls attention to the opposition to the system by members of the alumni and by one of the trustees. A letter on the *Legal Dangers of Matrimony* in the same paper takes up the discussion of man's matrimonial condition in Massachusetts, and shows that it is alarmingly unprotected. A husband may be fined or imprisoned for his wife's offences, in some cases, while she goes free. In many ways he is put to great disadvantage, and several illustrations are given to show the need of constant modification of laws, to adapt them to changed social and political conditions.

The Mount Holyoke calls attention to the fact that the number of students in the literary course is larger than in either the classical or scientific courses, although the standard of work in the first is quite as high. *The Mission of Dialect in Literature* is asserted to be enlargement of the sympathies. Burns, Scott Lowell, Dickens and George Eliot are cited as evidences of this, and the special work of each characterized. *The Mount Holyoke* also gives us *A Dream of Greek Sages*, two verses of which give one view of Plato's doctrine of ideas.

"There is," he said, "but one essential bed,
The absolute: common in manifold,
Constant, abiding, but with naught of form,
The one in many"—"Plato," I cried, "hold!"
"Enough of this!" and struggling to awake
The lofty structure fell upon my head.
I mourned the palace not, but well content
I sought my absolute, essential bed.

A second poem is worth reading.

Blyther than the burnie
That kisses the sunny lea.
Purer than the snawdrap
Is my ain sweet lass to me.

Bluer than ony heath-bell
Is the blue o' my bonnie's e'e:
Fairer than mountain daisy
Is 'my ain dear love to me.

Warm beats the hert in this plaidie
Beats it sae blythe for thee;
Leal is the hert o' thy laddie,—
Oh! lassie, be true to me.

—*Mount Holyoke.*

METRICAL.

To meet her is my chief delight:
All care and sorrow take their flight
Whene'er I chance on path or stile
To meet her.

And so in verses gay and bright,
In praise of all her charms I write,
My fancies running all the while
to metre. *Brunonian.*

THE CLOCK.

What penalty is it that you must pay,
That forces endless toil both night and day?
Vanish! Nor come to try my patience more.
Go! plague the shades who dwell on Acheron's shore.
But hold: perchance us mortals you would teach,
And sage advice to our deaf ears would preach:
Of wasted hours perchance you would remind.
That wont work here! What, think you *I'm a grind?*

Blue and White.

THE COMING OF THE STORM.

What darkens in the west?
(Hark, how the gulls are calling!)
The spread black hand of the storm
That grows with the twilight's falling.

What gathers in the east?
(Hark, how the beaches rattle!)
The march of the columned clouds
That gather to the battle.

Dark and slow, row on row,
The ranks of the east assemble.
And under their line the sea's ranks shine.
And the long shores quake and tremble.

The swift send streams, the white foam gleams.
And fierce shall the onset be;
And God be his help that strives to-night
With the armies of the sea.

Black ridges with wh te mad manes,
Beaches that roar and rattle,
And a wind that rages the wild sea line,
Driving the waves to battle.

—*Harvard Monthly.*

President Small, of Colby University, has been elected professor of social science at the University of Chicago.—*Ex.*

G. A. Wentworth, the well-known mathematician, has resigned his position at Exeter. —*Ex.*

Columbia's president, Dr. Low, has been elected to the presidency of the American Society for University extension, to succeed Professor Gilman.—*Ex.*

There are forty-one college graduates on the New York *Tribune*, thirty-eight on the *Sun*, thirty-three on the *Times* and twenty-eight on the *World*.—*Ex.*

Ex-President Cleveland spoke at University of Michigan, on Washington's birthday.—*Ex.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

Among the Theologies. By Hiram Orcutt, LL. D. (DeWolfe, Fiske & Co., Boston.) A layman puts forth in this statement of his faith a most earnest plea that everyone may "search the Scriptures," and accept no creed without inquiry as to its truth or falseness. Most of the prominent christian dogmas are commented on, the opinions of many leading divines are given, and a creed suggested. The tone of the whole work is sincere and profoundly religious.

Academic Algebra. By Edward A. Bowser, LL. D. (D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.) The series of mathematical text-books by Bowser falls neither into the elementary nor abstruse class, but stands on middle ground. The book in question prepares the way for higher mathematics, but is clear and accurate in definitions and explanations. The subject matter is well arranged, and the numerous examples and illustrations of general principles make the presentation of the subject attractive.

Esther. Edited by I. H. B. Spiers (D. C. Heath & Co.) This masterpiece of Racine, at once the easiest and shortest drama in French tragic literature, is now edited in simple and convenient form, well adapted for schoolroom usage. The text is modernized, and copious notes make clear the historical references as well as the grammatical complications.

MAGAZINES.

THE FORUM.—Professor David Swing tells us *What the American Sunday should be.* What its fate will be he thinks it is hard to tell, but the wants of the race seem to him to demand a day of rest for man and beast without the aid of revelation: the higher nature of man asks for parks, woods, pictures, music and other elevating as well as restful influences; while the church throws open the doors to a realm of spiritual enjoyment better than any other our defective civilization affords. An exhaustive and able article on *The Education of the Future* by Clarence King, advocates a radical departure from the present system, and the establishment of a natural course of study, working in harmony with the natural sequences of human nature. The technical study of the day, if it continues to hold its own, will produce a race of men with about as much religion as a threshing machine and hardly more social charm than a storage battery. The study of language and of natural history should begin in the first decade of life, and a university ought no more to have a teacher of French than a class in teething. The exact knowledge on which to form the organic basis for the new round training of man will come, *not* out of the pedagogic past or present, but out of biology and psychology—it will be the magnificent gift of science.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—Mr. George Herbert Palmer, Professor of Philosophy at Harvard, suggests some doubts about Univer-Esity xtension. The conditions of university life which made the work a success in England do not obtain in America. There the universities have been until recently devoted to a single class in the community: from the first the American college has been organized by the people and for the people. Poverty, social distinctions and sectarian haughtiness have barred out the mass of the English nation from the universities. The four hundred col-

leges of our country offer an education far too good to be superseded, duplicated or weakened, to all who can afford four years (soon it may be three,) and who are masters of about half as much capital as would support them during the same time elsewhere. Moreover, there are doubts as to the permanent response which our people will make to the education offered, and questions as to the possibility of securing a stable body of extension teachers. These conditions make our problemf or University Extension different from the English one, and if we would succeed in solving it, we must give up all thought of doing here what has been done in England.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

Miss Mary T. Burt, a student at the college durring the years 1877 to 1880, died in Denver, Colorado, January 28, of diphtheria. Since leaving Wellesley, Miss Burt has been an earnest and successful teacher, first at Paris, Illinois, and for several years past she has been connected with Wolfe Hall in Denver. Although not a graduate of the college she was thoroughly imbued with the Wellesley spirit and did for others to the extent of her power. A friend, who knew her well, writes of her thus: "The recipients of her aid were near of kin and hence the world did not know of her noble sacrifice for others, but they were none the less heroic." *L. F. C.*

Miss May Douglas Newcomb, formerly of '91, has joined Miss Caroline L. Williamson, '89, in Europe. She will be gone until next summer. Her address is City Bank, Limited, London.

Miss Annie M. Cordley, '87, is teaching sciences and mathemetics at the Van Norman Institute, 282 West 71st street, New York.

Miss Eugenia Gilman, '87, has a position in the Wilkesbarre Female seminary, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

The Misses Foster, who were special students at the College last year, are spending the winter in Los Angeles, California.

Mrs. Sarah Potter Paine, '84, will this summer aid her husband, Dr. Howard S. Paine, in conducting his annual party through Europe.

Miss Elizabeth E. Slater, '88, is also forming a small party for travel in the Old World during the coming summer.

Mrs. Almeria Adgate Bailey, '87, is teaching in Hartford, Conn.

Miss Mabil Stevens, '37, is studying art at the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn.

Miss Abby Mattson, '87 is teaching in Miss Doremus' school, 8 East 46th street New York.

MARRIED.

Ellison—Britton.—In Cleveland, Ohio, Feb. 18, Miss Corrine Ellison, student of Wellesley, '87-'89, to Mr. Bertram Loring Britton. Home address, Ravenna, Ohio.

Goward—Sikes.—In Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 25, Miss Emily Camilla Gowans, '90, to Mr. Frederick Gilbert Sikes. At Home Mondays in April. "The Niagara," Buffalo.

WABAN RIPPLES.

EXAMINATION ODES AND ELEGIES.

I'm to write a bit of verse,
With sentiment quite terse,
To express the inmost feelings of my heart.
How my soul is filled with joy
In which there's no alloy,
As I bid all care and grief from me depart.

I've a History exam.,
And I've Literature to cram,
And my Bible makes my views somewhat depressed:
For I had a little note,
Which my careful teacher wrote,
And she told me that my work was not the best.

WELLESLEY REBATE BOOK.

The annual Rebate Book for the use of students of Wellesley College and Dana Hall school, will be ready for distribution about March 21st. They can be obtained *free of charge* at the college office.

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